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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The pope was dreadfully disturbed by the audacity of the freethinkers in holding their international convention across the street from him. Poor Joe! He imagines that all Rome still belongs to the vatican.

And so it seems that we have *lèse-majesté* even in this country. The report comes from Pomona, California, that a Canadian boy, who has been attending school there, refused, the other morning, to salute the American flag, when it was raised on the school building, and was expelled, the board of education subsequently approving the expulsion. The authorities consider it fortunate that he escaped lynching. Patriotism must be at flood on the Pacific coast.

Most of the readers of Liberty will remember Tak Kak as a contributor to these pages during a great many years of the existence of the paper, and many of them will regret to learn of his death, which occurred recently. His was a peculiarly clear and logical mind, and his articles on Egoism, to the philosophy of which he devoted a great deal of thought and attention, were cogently reasoned and exceptionally readable. He was a thinker of rare qualities, and much that he has written is worthy of being printed in a permanent form.

In October, says a newspaper report, "two hundred men at Bird Springs, Lincoln county, Nevada, notified the county clerk that they did not wish to cast their ballots at the coming election. They say that they are too busy, and desire that the precinct lately created in that district be discontinued." This is the most promising information that was published during the campaign. When the polling booths are deserted, the knell of plutocracy will be sounded. One third of the legal voters in the United States now do not exercise their prerogative, and, after a while, it will be one half, then two thirds, and then—then the politicians will begin to get excited.

It appears that James H. Tillman, the South Carolina politician, who shot and killed another of his ilk and was acquitted of the crime, wants to enter the church. "How could he," piteously asks the New York "Sun," "get up before a congregation and read the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill'?" In the first place, he would not be required to do so, since southern churches (unlike some southern election boards) do not insist upon an educational qualification. In the second place, even if Tillman can read, he need have no qualms of conscience about reading that little injunction, since the alleged author of it, if certain extensively-credited reports be true, did not hesitate to violate that as well as other sections of the decalogue.

In the October number of the "Review of Reviews" Victor Yarros has an interesting article on "This Year's Strikes and the Industrial Situation." His summing up is as follows: "The industrial developments of the last few months have resulted in a distinct improvement. The period of active contention and strife is closed, the falling market and the number of unsuccessful strikes having doubtless hastened the change. At no time, however, did the labor movement bristle with more questions of moment and interest than now. This side of the subject requires separate treatment." This last statement is very true; but the chances are that Dr. Albert Shaw will not permit Mr. Yarros to treat it in the "Review of Reviews" as the latter gentleman *can* treat it.

One of the most amusing features of the recent campaign was the performance of a certain republican enthusiast of New York. He wrote a red-hot campaign pamphlet containing a lot of flamboyant charges against the democratic candidate for president, the chief purport of which was that the latter had favored the large gambling interests in the State. After the *brochure* was all printed and ready for distribution, the author found that there was a slight error in his statement. It was discovered that the republicans were responsible for the delinquencies charged against the democratic candidate. This was decided to be a sufficiently important mistake to render the document of doubtful value to the author's sponsors, so the entire edition was discarded, a grim and curious relic of blundering enthusiasm and an expensive reminder of the old adage to the effect that it is better to be sure before rushing into print.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, of New Zealand, whose book on "The Fertility of the Unfit" was recently noticed by Liberty, has secured at least one disciple in this country. His name is Dr. Henry Hatch, of Quincy, Illinois, and he delivered an address before a meeting of the National Prison Association, in October, which, it is said, created a sensation and drew forth sharp criticism. He advocated homicide, or the right to let a person take his own life when he is found to be incurable, and the surgical treatment of criminals who can be proved to be at the mercy of their passions. He also urged that the State dispose of the incurably insane by putting them to an easy death. He advocated that the State prevent marriages of undesirable persons. Some of these propositions doubtless go beyond those of Dr. Chapple, and they did not fail to arouse the opposition of many other delegates to the meeting. The objections were mostly sentimental, but the discussion goes to show that, in this country as well as at its antipode, there is a tendency toward a more rational consideration of the problem involved.

In the "Truth Seeker" Mr. Steven T. Byington has recently been calling upon freethinkers to show that the children of irreligious parentage amount to anything—or some such proposition. His success has so far been rather indifferent, which, seeing that Mr. Byington takes the negative, is for him rather a matter for self-gratulation. Charles Darwin and Clarence Darrow, with a few other and lesser lights, are about the only famous men who can be pointed to as having had parents of the same ilk; while the rest of us, both famous and infamous, cannot plead heredity. A great many columns of the "Truth Seeker's" space has been devoted to this fruitless discussion without the gist of the matter having been reached. The fact is that most of us—in fact, all of us, except possibly a few theosophists—have had no choice in the matter of parentage. If we had had, the chances are that we should have chosen others than the politicians, preachers, and horse thieves who are responsible for the existence of some of us. Seriously, the whole question hinges on the matter of opportunity. When it is considered that the proportion of *rationally* irreligious parents to those of the opposite class is about as one to one hundred thousand, it will be seen that the chances for the great men to be the offspring of the former are very slim indeed. So the freethinkers can well afford to accord to Mr. Byington the victory in this matter, and that, too, without any serious apprehension that the supply of either famous men or unbelieving parents will be visibly curtailed.

Rome and Another.

She asked for all things, and dominion such
As never man had known.
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by touch,
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungerest for the globe,
Restrain thy conquering feet,
Lest the same Fates that spun thy purple robe
Should weave thy winding sheet.

William Watson.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

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The Man on Top of the Pole.

Questions of ethics, which have always fascinated philosophers, have frequently moved the New York "Evening Post" to philosophize, and sundry disquisitions on problems arising out of local events have been the result. The latest emanation from this source of wisdom is a gentle roaring of the lighting company in a Long Island town, because the said company placed a lineman on the top of every one of its poles and then dared the citizens to chop the poles down, the citizens being hostile to the occupation of the streets in that manner by the company. The "Evening Post" says that the company's action is analogous "with the warfare of those savage tribes which fight behind a shield made of captured women and children, or those nations of antiquity which went into battle against the Egyptians protected by a line of sacred ibises and cats, which Pharaoh's soldiers would not shoot. Under modern conditions, such tactics cannot be long successful, for two reasons: First, the wages of a special lineman for every pole would make the cost of the operation prohibitive. Second, a really determined populace, though it might shrink from chopping down a pole and killing the man atop, would have no scruples at all over driving away the substitute sent to relieve him, and thus win their point by slow starvation."

These two reasons for the speedy failure of the company's tactics are all very good as far as they go, and doubtless the linemen have already been called off their breezy roosts by their employers; but the "Evening Post" has overlooked (and apparently the citizens of the town in question have followed suit) the man on top of the pole. Has he, or has he not, the usual quota of common sense? If he have, what would he do should the citizens actually begin to cut down the pole? Would he, for a paltry two dollars per day, sit there until the pole fell and fall with it to his death? Let us not imagine that the company succeeded in finding such a large number of idiots. Let us instead make a reasonable estimate of human nature and predict that, when the poles were so nearly cut off that they began to yield to the wind,—and perhaps even before,—there would be a unanimous exodus from the untenable poletops. The "Evening Post's" reasoning would not be considered. There would be a spontaneous impulse to obey the first law of life, and a simple manifestation of that quality which is said to be the better part of valor.

But what an evidence it is of the simple-mindedness and even stupidity of people that they could let the presence of men on top of the poles interfere with their determination to chop the poles down! It is not surprising that privileged corporations can trample on the rights of the public when that public can so abjectly worship a sentimental fiction. C. L. S.

The Distinction as to Boycotts.

In the "Truth Seeker" for October 8, E. C. Walker lays down the law about boycotts very definitely, very clearly—and very wrongly, or else I am very far wrong myself.

His contention is that "any boycott which is not in reprisal for invasive actions is itself invasive," and his line of argument is as follows:

I may not alone rightfully injure you wantonly. Hence, I may not in association with others rightfully injure you wantonly. I injure you wantonly if I am not resisting an invasive action of yours. . . . . I am injuring you wantonly if my act furthers my intention to injure you because of an action of yours which is not invasive. . . . . The key to the situation is the intention, as every student of criminal jurisprudence should know. The intention that does not eventuate in action is null, but the intention that does eventuate in action is active, and it is invasive, that is, criminal, if the action with which it is associated purposely injures one who is not guilty of invasion in the issue involved. . . . . The defenders of the invasive boycott plunge at once into the morass of collective tyranny through failure to take into account the element of intention and to reckon with the very practical question of evidence. A may quit trading with B for any one of a score of reasons, without an intention to injure B, or he may quit trading with B because he wishes to injure him. In either case, it is almost impossible to prove his intention by his action alone. . . . . But if he goes about and induces other men to join in a boycott, especially if they avow an intention to destroy B's business unless . . . . then the intent to injure a non-invading person, which is a criminal intent, is apparent . . . and can be established legally when it eventuates in the injurious action threatened. . . . . He probably would escape if he went quietly on a dark night and cut down D's vines, while he would be pretty sure of detection and conviction if he went in the daytime with a brass band and wielded his knife to the same end. . . . . So it happens that the invasive boycotter acting alone usually will escape, if he keeps a still tongue in his head, while he will get himself into trouble if he combines with others for the same malicious purpose. . . . . That combination and threatening has revealed his . . . . intention to injure.

Here are two cardinal points: first, the new and revolutionary definition of "invasive"; second, the claim that main stress should be laid upon the intention. I think Walker is wrong on both.

I admit that violence and boycotting have so much in common that they may rightly be comprised together under any convenient name, such as "interference"; and that the name "invasion" might as well be equally applied to both, if that name had not already a settled meaning which limits it to the one—which meaning it is not desirable to bring into confusion by adding other similar senses. I admit as a thing probable, if not yet conclusively clear, that this same spirit and activity of interference is alike harmful in both cases, and that both alike should be proscribed in the most perfect possible society. But I insist that the two methods have also so much of difference between them that it is well to treat them as two distinct grades; to allow in resistance to the one such methods as would not be allowed in resistance to the other; and—probably—as a matter of tactics, to direct against the one such a propaganda as we do not at the same time direct against the other.

Violence puts a man under absolute restraint. It can say to a man not merely "If you do this I will hurt you," but "If you start to do this I will put you where it will be physically impossible for you to do it." There is no choice whatever for the victim, provided the force is strong enough; all possible heroic defiance and martyrdom will not enable him to do the thing which the power has said he shall not, so he might as well lie still. But the most that the boycott can do is to set the man face to face with an alternative of submission or discomfort. The discomfort may certainly be intense, and may—though not so often in practice as some folks would have us think—involve ultimate death by privation after a losing struggle; but it is better to have the option of doing what you wish and starving, or not doing it and living as usual, than to be simply unable to do the thing you had wanted to. Besides, I must insist that starvation is farther than one need commonly think of its going. The worst hard-luck story I myself ever heard in this line was that of a man who told me he used to be the president of a union of a highly skilled trade; the trouble was that his union was organized as rival to an older one, and in the end the older union won, and was without mercy to the ex-president of the younger; he had no chance to get work at the trade in which he was skilled, and when I knew him he was janitor to a small and impecunious slum church. Certainly his story sounded hard; yet it was not the story of a man who had been robbed of his liberty in the sense in which violence robs us. I would rather have been in his place than have served a long term in jail. To replace violence by the boycott is certainly to relax restraint.

Against this lesser evil of the boycott, Mr. Walker would apparently have us take up the weapon of violence. For it is clear that he is not talking merely of moral guilt, in which case the question of the comparative degree of guilt in boycotting and in violence would have little but an academic interest. He speaks of offences which are to be detected and proved before an earthly court; he makes his whole practical conclusion depend on the possibility of making the offender smart for his guilt. He can hardly mean that boycotts are to be pun-

ished only by counter-boycotts, for then he would be acknowledging the principle of a distinction in trade, and would have no motive for wanting to bring both sorts under the same name "invasion"; he must mean that boycotting, like other invasion, is a proper object for forcible repression. Now, against whom is that repression to be exercised? Against the men who fail to trade with the boycotted person? but you cannot prove their motive: certainly one cannot apply violent constraint to them without being exceedingly tyrannical. Against the ringleaders, then? but the case you can prove against them is going to consist of having publicly advised a certain course of action, and at this rate free speech will be sadly in a hole. I thought we had been insisting that assassination was all wrong, and the advocacy of assassination was all wrong, but nevertheless that every man must be free publicly to stir the public up to assassinate anybody he chose to name. Shall one be liable to arrest, then, for having advised the public to boycott a certain man? Or are we to punish neither those who withhold their trade or those who recommend the withholding, but those who organize for a boycott, who vote it as a law of their union? But such a law could be evaded without even resorting to secrecy. The ancient Roman senate voted by holding a meeting for debate, in which each member made a speech in turn giving his views on the action desirable; somebody counted the number of those who gave their adhesion to one or another of the proposed plans. No law could be made against a vote in this form without threatening debating societies in general; and the understanding among a dozen mill-owners, or ten thousand trade-unionists, to act on the result of such a vote and agitate for others to do so, could be maintained without any organization that even its own members could put their fingers on.

Now as to the matter of motives. I hold just the contrary view, that there is nothing but mischief to be had from taking motives into consideration if you can avoid it. The only use of counting motives is in cases where the motive makes the action more likely to do harm, or makes the punishment more likely to be effective in repression. A man trying to kill another is more likely to cause death than a man leaving a loaded gun where there is a risk of a fatal discharge by accident, and punishment is doubtless more likely to diminish the former practice than the latter; these are reasons for punishing the malicious murderer more than the careless man. But assuredly, if I do not buy the "Evening Megaphone" because I dislike its policy, I do not hurt the paper any more than by not buying it because I do not like its style of writing. Possibly coercion may have more *power* against the former,—though one might make a very pretty argument for skepticism at this point,—but, if Mr. Walker were to rest his argument on that ground, he would practically admit that it would be desirable, if it were possible, to repress by force the falling away of customers so as to ruin a business because they are dissatisfied with the service. I do not think it likely that he has this in mind; but then I do not see what he can have in mind except that a man's punishment should be in accordance with the wickedness involved in his offence. Now I hold it to be pernicious and un-Anarchistic to make a man's punishment depend at all on the wickedness of his crime; the wickedness of his character would be much more relevant, for it would affect his curability. I wish, then, that Mr. Walker would tell us what reason there is for making intention the key to the situation; this would be more satisfaction than basing the point on a consensus of mainly un-Anarchistic opinion.

The first positive reason for not regarding motive when you can help it is, that motive is so hard to ascertain. If I refrain from patronizing a tradesman because it disgusts me to have anything to do with a man whom I so detest and despise because of his attitude on—say religion—my motive is certainly non-invasive, if hardly admirable. If I refrain because I want to put him out of business on account of his attitude on the same topic, my motive is invasive according to Walker. How many thoughtful men would feel confident of being always able to discriminate these two motives in their own hearts, if they were thus tempted? Much more, then, what Solomonic court shall undertake to discriminate them in the case of other persons, with such certainty that this shall become the basis of a legal sentence? Surely Mr. Walker must contemplate a riding rough-shod over psychological difficulties, just as the courts do to-day; but this means a miscarriage of the very justice that is desired, just as we see to-day. Better aim at such justice as does not depend on these unknowable things.

Besides, when motive is considered, it is neither customary nor desirable to look only at malicious motive. Gross disregard of another's interests serves as well. If I want to burn the grass in my field for some legitimate purpose, and I simply do not care (either from my unneighborly character or because he has forfeited my interest) that the fire will infallibly spread to my neighbor's valuable patch of timber, and I burn mine without making any effort to protect his, the court will treat me just the same as if I had desired the damage to him; I am an invader. Now take the parallel case in the boycott: I know that Smith's restaurant is on the verge of bankruptcy, that these financial straits are the very reason why its food is no longer such as I like to eat, and that if I withdraw my steady trade it is likely to make the difference between survival or failure to Smith's business. Yet I quit going there, because I don't like the butter. I am cold-hearted if you like, but am I also invasive? If not, why not, according to Walker? I should certainly be invasive if I did violence under the same circumstances of motive; and Walker seems to want to put violence and boycotting on a level. When an automobile runs over a man without making reasonable effort to avoid the collision, nobody suspects the riders of any motive except a non-invasive one; but we rank them as invaders, I think.

Treating motive on the same basis as in the case of violence, we find that a man goes into the saloon business to make money, knowing the probability that the result of his business will be the degradation of sundry lives; yea, he even exerts himself to encourage the larger consumption of liquor. This is acting with the contemplation of injuring non-invading persons, which in the jurisprudence of violence is the same as an intent to injure them. Yet I believe Mr. Walker has publicly said that it is wrong to treat the saloon-keeper as an invader.

Vivisection is non-invasive. A lot of people get together for the purpose of stirring up such a public abhorrence of vivisection as shall (as they hope and desire) drive the vivisectors to stop their work, or at least restrain it, by mere pressure of obloquy. By Walker's new definitions they are invaders, and the vivisectors are justified in jailing these enemies of theirs to stop the clamor; are not these men banded together with intention to injure non-invading persons? Or does hooting a man out of his non-invasive business cease to be an injury when the business is a wicked one? That would be carrying the doctrine of intention very far.

I have said that Walker's argument, though unsound, is a model of clearness. Yet one thing it lacks. He should give us a summary of the just trial and sentence of John Doe for an especially heinous case of boycotting, under circumstances which call for a severe sentence. What should be the evidence that convicts him of the crime, and what might well be the sentence?

I have a bit of personal feeling in this matter. I have been maintaining against C. L. James, in a rather savage controversy, that the question "what constitutes invasion?" is one on which it is not hard to find such a measure of agreement as would be a satisfactory basis for action. It is discouraging, right on the heels of this, to find a standard-bearer like Walker uttering such heresies. These new definitions of his indicate a more fundamental disagreement than did the copyright dispute or the baby dispute. Still, there is no better way toward agreement than frankly to utter our disagreements. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Sugar-Coated Statistics.

"Free America" is the title of a book that comes from the press of L. S. Dickey & Co., Chicago, having been written by Bolton Hall. This book is, first of all, a collection and arrangement of statistics showing the condition in which free America is found as a result of the laws which have made capital so powerful and labor so weak. Statistics are usually the least readable of all literature, but these are so insidiously inserted in the text that the sensation of reading pure columns of facts and figures is never fully experienced. The information and its sources are given, and one doesn't have to read very far to become convinced of the fact that they are reliable. But they are so charmingly interwoven with Mr. Hall's lucid prose that they are read with pleasure.

First, the fallacy of over-production is graphically explained, then it is made clear to the simplest mind how labor always gets much less than it produces, and *why*. Then trusts and monopolies are dissected in the same unsparing manner; charity, temperance, trades unions, and other alleged remedies and palliatives are analyzed without pity; political corruption,

taxes, tariffs and all the methods by which monopoly robs the producer are treated in their turn; and various other features, as well as plans for reform, are discussed.

Now, this is all very good, and you feel that the author has gone about to the root of the matter. It is no mere superficial examination that he has given us. It is the product of deep, broad, sincere, conscientious thought. The analysis is caustic, and cogent and logical is the reasoning, and the results are relentlessly given. All this is true, because Bolton Hall would be an Anarchist were he not a single-taxer. But, unfortunately, all the conclusions point in one direction, every phase of the synthesis of his proposed remedy being nothing but a corroboration of Mr. Hall's belief that the only way for America to be free is through taxation, albeit through that said-to-be innocuous form of tax called single. Naturally, therefore, in the solution of the problem, the land question is the primary one and the money question secondary, and a long way after. It is true that the author has not overlooked the fact that there are other problems besides even these two that must be solved before men will be set free; but in his view the land must be made free first, and this can most readily be done by taxing it. His patron saint has told us how. C. L. S.

A man has lately written a book—a whole volume—in an attempt to rejuvenate the superannuated theory that a reconciliation between science and religion is possible. A reading of the subtitle of the book—which is as far as one is tempted to go—is enough to convince any one—who has no wish to father the thought that the author's task is capable of being accomplished—that one more honest but misguided man has been added to those who have wasted their energies in a futile attempt to do what would be useless were it not impossible. "Balance" may be an readable book; it may be even instructive—to those who are wont to wax staphylomatic over the testamental tales. But the problem which the author fancies he has solved is as absurd as it would be to set out to prove that all books of fiction are authenticated history. Religion as well as fiction undoubtedly has its place in literature and human life; but, to the rational mind, truth does not need to be homœopathically administered, and it can be taken without being diluted with falsehood.

Just previous to the election some generous and well-intentioned being sent to Liberty some documents relating to the achievements of one Theodore Roosevelt and to his qualifications for the office of president of the United States, especial attention being paid to his influence toward the "elevation of labor." One of the pamphlets in this precious package was entitled "Roosevelt's Military Record," by Brigadier-General Henry V. Boynton. In the very first paragraph we read that Roosevelt "is the youngest American to have attained his present position." Doubtless the use of the pen is not a much-practised avocation with General Boynton, but this *lapsus* indicates a dense ignorance, not only of the constitution (which in a general who has seen service in the Philippines might be pardonable), but of the facts of history. Can he point to any person, other than an American, who, either young or old, has been president of the United States? Teddy had better select a more literate eulogist hereafter, or else carefully revise the output.

Mr. Byington's criticism of Mr. Walker is so just, the position upon which he bases it so sound, and the arguments deduced therefrom so logical and conclusive, that there was no need for his making even the slight concession "that the name 'invasion' might as well be equally applied to both" violence and boycotting; for it is scarcely conceivable that it is possible to invade by refraining from acting—without committing an overt act. But Mr. Byington has admirably demonstrated this very point further along in his article. The greatest fallacy in Mr. Walker's argument lies in his assumption that a cessation of trading with another party is an *action*, whereas it is just the opposite. The very foundation stone of equal liberty must be the freedom not to do—the right to do nothing. The boycott, either individual or collective, is nothing but the exercise of this freedom.

Irrelevancies.

"The admirer of George Eliot is perplexed by the prosaic character of her letters as they appear in her 'Life,' edited by her husband. One can hardly understand how such a genius could have written letters so commonplace. The most natural explanation is that she needed the stimulus of an audience to put her upon her mettle, that her work was in a true sense artificial rather than spontaneous."

George Eliot's letters did not seem to me prosaic or commonplace. I think her life was tiresome and heavy. Except sympathetically, in the *personnel* of her characters, perhaps no opportunities of life came to her. And yet—to its "impersonal delights as a perpetual discovery" she was more than usually responsive; and she knew the satisfactions that came from being strong in endurance; but of life at its full, in its thrill, perhaps she knew nothing. I cannot be sure of this, certainly; for creative work must bring "an exceeding great reward"—an exhilaration like nothing else. What was it that she missed? Was it that she never quite let go—that she could never have lifted her glass, like Beate, to say: "Es lebe das Leben"?

I have forgotten to whom she wrote the letters afterwards published, but the lack of color in them does in no wise prove her style before an audience to have been artificial. One abandons one's self only when expecting a response. No human being is quite himself except in freedom. And I can easily see that George Eliot might have far more faith in an unknown audience than in the people with whom she lived on terms of personal correspondence. I remember that I found her letters very interesting, but what people are, even in slavery, is interesting. And some definiteness of the personal touch cannot quite escape expression in letters. No man or woman is ever just the same to any one as to any other. And it is also true that any one, who comes near to us in the sympathy that is understanding, sets us free—we become ourselves, for expression in that direction. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think, who always wrote with an unknown, but sympathetic, reader in his mind. I thought it a good way—the only way in which one approaches freedom.

* * *

Some extracts given from the "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are stimulating. The voice of his self-distrust appealed to me:

"I sit down to write, there is not an idea discernible in the head of me; one dull cloud of pain and stupidity; it is only with an effort like swimming for life that I get begun to think at all. . . . My habitual conviction about the work is that it ought to be burnt, that it will never be worth a farthing to any man or woman. Yet I do not burn it; I go floundering along; hoping that the heavy hand of this Enchantment shall be got loosened from me (for it is really like a spell) and I be *free*, were it only with no possession, beyond that of freedom, remaining now for me."

I've been trying to find out why a self-distrust that is normal and not morbid brings to us faith in the one who has it. I questioned a little if it could be that we looked upon it as a kind of infringement on our patent, as regards faith in ourselves. But I think the real reason is that, in the over-confident, we suspect a lack of trust in anything trustworthy, outside. At all events, perhaps we do resent a man's having more self-faith than just enough to help him do his best work. I suppose that a certain amount of confidence is essential as a working theory.

Perhaps doubt would be as fatal to action as indolence. It is hard to see how egotism can ever withstand the enlightenment of an experience of years. We must all, and many times, discover that we have been mistaken; and so that we may again be mistaken tomorrow—if not to-day. This cannot hinder us from going on in our own to-day's light. For go on we must, and no other light can help us materially until it becomes ours. In regard to this, Carlyle's words are strong:

"A man can do nothing but prosecute faithfully the thing that his soul points to: let no counsel or cackle-ment of friends and country newspapers slacken him in that: these mean well, but they know not what they say!"

In another letter to Sterling, he says:

"I also entirely respect your persistence in your own firm purpose in spite of all cavils of mine: what else can you persist in? The inward voice, if it be an *inward* one, and not some false echo of mere outer ones, is the prophetic voice of our whole soul and world saying to us, 'There, in such a world, that is the thing that *thou* canst do!' All voices from without, and counter-monitions of other men, how prudent and well-meant soever, are in the end but impertinences in comparison. A man has to go, often enough, right in the teeth of all that."

Then there is, in this review of the "Letters," more talk—and very good talk, I thought—about what makes for self-satisfiedness.

"In a sense it may be true that a man who has great confidence in his convictions has great confidence in himself. Nevertheless, it may be that his confidence is primarily in himself, and his confident opinion rests thereupon, in which case he is self-satisfied; or it may be that his confidence is primarily in the truth which he thinks he sees, and which is to him an objective reality, and only secondarily in his vision of it, in which case he is not egotistical."

To me one of the most interesting extracts was a letter to Robert Browning, of the most perfectly sincere, friendly, full criticism. His attitude touches the heart at once:

"Alas, it is so seldom that any word one can speak is not worse than a word still unspoken; seldom that one man, by his speaking or his silence, can, in great vital interests, help another at all!'

I know very little of Browning, so little that it may, very probably, be true that most of what he said I could neither agree with or respond to. There are, in writing, obscure and involved styles that worry me; and there are those that do not. And Browning's is of those that do not. The oddness of his word-forms draws me. I am tired of rules; tired of the grammarians; tired of forcing words to be nothing but drudges, to follow the treadmill. Why not give words, too, the breath of freedom? If there is nothing new under the sun, there are, at least, new perceptions of the old. Why not voice them newly? I am tired of symmetry. The elm and the maple are graceful—and they are beautiful. But I love the pine that just grows—up, up—and throws its arms straight out, in a law that represents a true growth and hath its own grandeur, though it disregards curves. And I like the cedar that crowds in its climbing and cannot

pause for delicate tracery. And I like the apple tree that goes on in its beautiful homeliness, sprawling and bearing fruit. What we have to say to-day is not just what there was to say when the rules were made and the parts of speech invented. There is a reason for our quoting and lingering with pleasure over the speech of the common people. There is freedom in it. The people are not hampered by the forms which we adopt as correct, by means of which we display our learning and which we let become chains to bind us. And even slang becomes needful as a refuge, because the forms which are permitted will not do the work that must be done if either thought or emotion is to find utterance. They are forever lagging behind. Even when a word or form once expressed a thought rightly, it has had to do foreign duty so constantly since that now it means a vague everything, but no longer the foundation something. It has become "polarized," as one of our poets discovered.

Before the first of men could articulate, he must have had a great deal to say. He has been trying to "catch up" ever since. But I think he is farther than ever from "catching up." For it is easy to find a word for meat; but impossible for the life that is more than meat. That word, "life," is as overworked as "love."

So, when Browning offers a phrase, if it seem so much as to touch that which no man has drawn near by any words, it is welcome. And when he appeals to me, it is because he touches upon, with recognition, that which I cannot voice; a reality, no less.

Carlyle did not believe that Browning had poetical power, although he admitted "a rare spiritual gift, poetical, pictorial, intellectual, by whatever name we may prefer calling it." But he thought that Browning had no clear intellectual apprehension of what he put into his poems; and I think that Carlyle never came to wonder whether it was not of that quality of truth—or of the search after truth—which is forever unvoiced because it is forever in process of development. It *can not* be "unfolded into articulate clearness." I think Carlyle hardly felt the response of recognition.

BERTHA MARVIN.

Georgia Replogle.

It was on a day in this golden October, just past, that word came to me from Denver: "Georgia died this morning, at 4. End comparatively painless." Dated October 22. And my thoughts were carried back a year (just a year and two days) to another golden October day, when I first met Georgia Replogle.

I had corresponded with this woman, off and on, for twenty years or so, and thought well of her indeed, but still I was not prepared for her as she really was. I found her on a bed of suffering, biting her lips with pain, emaciated and marked by an incurable disease. Nevertheless, what was left of her made an impression on me not exceeded in vividness by any personality in the west.

I will not say she was beautiful, as men count beauty; for I really am not a critic of approved judgment on those matters. I find that men rave over women indifferent to me, and those I think beautiful they pass by. Therefore, I will only say that I found Georgia Replogle beautiful, not in flesh probably, but with that inner beauty which irradiates and shines through the physical as if it were a transparency. I have seldom met a woman who seemed to me more disembodied, a creature more of flame and air. I had always known that she had an intellect like a man's, keen, logical, reason-controlled, as expressive in words as her clear, graceful, firm, and uniform handwriting, but, and perhaps because of this, I was not prepared to find her so thoroughly and essentially womanly, intuitively sensitive, sympathetic, and refined. I had known her so long as brave and strong, enthroned of nature and the wild, that I had never conceived of her as one who could be concerned, like any other daughter of Eve with all little feminine touches of taste and adornment.

On October 22, the very day on which she was to die a year later, I visited her again, and, stricken as she was, she insisted on going with me to see various friends in Denver. And all that golden afternoon, as we went here and there in the balmy atmosphere, through the streets of the beautiful city, my constant thought was: "If she is like this now, what must she have been before!" Perfectly ladylike, even according to the most exacting conventional standards, there was still about her every gesture and motion an untamed, wild grace, remindful of the leopard, were it not so kind; of the antelope, were it not so brave. This proud courage and grace seemed the very expression of her personality. One felt she could dare anything, do anything, except lie or lessen herself. Yet equally insistent was the impression of her exquisite refinement, and of the instinctive, pathetic shrinking of her youthful, life-loving nerves from her awful and impending fate. I seemed ever to read in her eyes the dumb appeal of a stricken thing.

We visited Mrs. U. E. Hollister, who, her husband like myself being an enthusiast in indian art, set before our envious eyes great store of Navajo blankets —precious "bayetas," old-time "squaw dresses," sacred symbols in native yarns and dyes and modern dreams in Germantown yarns. Then to a pleasant chat with Herrick at "Herrick's Bookstore." Then to sup at the home of Comrades John Sphis and Charles Greenhalgh, where Sphis, with honest pride, showed us his marvelous products in woodworking. Then home, in the trolley car, and a long evening of never-to-be-forgotten talk.

The Replogles lived in the skirts of Denver, but western cities are not often like our eastern ones, with a rotten edge of misery, and Denver seems to melt gently into the prairies round about, and the next morning, when we strolled out to my car, the weed-grown lot we crossed was like a country field, and in the western horizon were the snow-capped, azure-mantled peaks of the Rockies.

It was like a day of golden dreams, new-coined from the mints of Paradise, and how pathetically the heart rebelled to think that the stately, sensitive woman at my side, pacing with the long, free step, was as surely under sentence of death as if she were some doe of those mountains smitten with a poisoned barb.

And as I looked back from the car she was sitting, cloaked and sad, on the warm bank, courage on her face and shadowed pain in her eyes, waving me the farewell which was clearly in her thought forever.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

November 3, 1904.

Josiah Warren and Modern Times.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s press there have recently come two volumes which in the immediate future and for a long time will command the closest attention of progressive people,—namely, the "Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences" of Moncure Daniel Conway. Bearing testimony of one of the gentlest, clearest-sighted, and steadfastest spirits of the age, these volumes furnish a source of unfailing delight to the kindred reader. However, it is not the purpose here to write a review, but to quote from Mr. Conway's delightful pages a sketch of Josiah Warren and his social experiment in the village of Modern Times that will be of peculiar interest to the readers of Liberty. Mr. Conway writes:

Among the many letters that I received from out-of-the-way people and places, one was dated at "Modern Times, N. Y." It seemed to have come from some place in Bunyan's dreamland. Writing to a friend in New York, I inquired if he knew anything about such a place. "It is," he answered, "a village on Long Island founded on the principle that each person shall mind his or her own business." The place seemed even more mythical than before, but one evening when I had been addressing some workingmen on the relations between capital and labor, a stranger of prepossessing appearance approached me and said, "If you ever visit Modern Times you will find out that the troubles of labor come from the existence of money." Whereupon he disappeared.

During my next summer vacation I visited New York, was ferried over to Brooklyn, and learned that by travelling one or two hours on the railway down Long Island I would come to "Thompson's Station," and five or six miles off would find Modern Times. It was twilight when I reached "Thompson's," and there was no means of reaching the village I sought except on foot. That did not matter, for my valise was light, but the road was solitary, sometimes forked, the forest dense, and it became quite dark. At length, however, I reached a more open space, the moon gave some light, and I met a woman who said I was close upon the village. I asked if there was any hotel and she replied, "None that I know of," passed on quickly, and left me to consider that more interest in other people's affairs might occasionally be desirable. It was not yet nine, but the street I entered was silent. I had with me a letter once received from Modern Times, and on inquiry found at last the founder of the village, Josiah Warren. He gave me welcome and, there being no hotel, and money not being current in the village, I was taken to the house of a gentleman and lady, provided with a supper and an agreeable bedroom, whereof I was much in need. The lady of the house was beautiful, and startled me by an allusion to a Utopian village in one of Zschokke's tales. "You will not find us," she said, "a Goldenthal; we are rather poor; but if you are interested in our ideas, you may find us worthy of a visit." I have idealized this lovely woman, and indeed the village, in my "Pine and Palm," but her actual history was more thrilling than is there told of Maria Shelton, and the village appears to me in the retrospect more romantic than my Bonheur.

Josiah Warren, then about fifty years of age, was a short, thick-set man with a severe countenance but somewhat restless eye. His forehead was large, descending to a full brow; his lower face was not of equal strength, but indicative of the mild enthusiasm which in later years I found typical of the old English reformer. He was indeed one of these, and I think had been in Robert Owen's community at New Lanark. He had, however, an entirely original sociology. Convinced that the disproportion between wages and the time and labor spent in production created the evils of drudgery and pauperism, luxury and idleness, he determined to bring about a system of "equitable commerce," by which each product should have its price measured by its cost. If it were a shoe, for example, the separate cost of leather, pegs, thread, etc., was to be estimated, and the time taken in putting them together, and the sum would be enough to decide the relative value of the shoe in other articles which the shoemaker might require. With this idea in his mind, he invested what little capital he had in a shop in Cincinnati, where he sold miscellaneous articles, somewhat under their prices in other shops. These shopkeepers broke up his establishment by circulating a rumor that Warren was selling off damaged stock. He concluded that his plan would succeed only in a world where other tradesmen adopted it, and after some years established a small community at Tuscarawas, Ohio, which was unable to sustain itself, perhaps, because of the crudity of the idea as it then stood in his mind; for, when some twenty years later he founded Modern Times, there were other elements introduced.

The commercial basis of this village was that cost is the limit of price, and that time is the standard of value. This standard was variable with corn. Another principle was that the most disagreeable labor is entitled to the highest compensation.

The social basis of the village was expressed in the phrase "individual sovereignty." The principle that there should be absolutely no interference with personal liberty was pressed to an extent which would have delighted Mill and Herbert Spencer. This individual sovereignty was encouraged. Nothing was in such disrepute as sameness; nothing more applauded than variety, no fault more venial than eccentricity.

The arrangements of marriage were left entirely to the individual men and women. They could be married formally or otherwise, live in the same or separate houses, and have their relation known or unknown. The relation could be dissolved at pleasure without any formulas. Certain customs had grown out of this absence of marriage laws. Privacy was general; it was not polite to inquire who might be the father of a newly-born child, or who was the husband or wife of any one. Those who stood in the

relation of husband or wife wore upon the finger a red thread; so long as that badge was visible, the person was understood to be married. If it disappeared, the marriage was at an end.

The village consisted of about fifty cottages, neat and cheerful in their green and white, nearly all with well-tilled gardens. They all gathered in their little temple, the men rather disappointing me by the lack of individuality in their dress, but the ladies exhibiting a variety of pleasing costumes. For a time it was a silent meeting. Then the entire company joined in singing "There's a good time coming," and after I had read some passages from the Bible and from Emerson another hymn was sung concerning an expected day,—

When the Might with the Right
And the Truth shall be.

After my discourse, which was upon the Spirit of the Age, it was announced that there would be in the afternoon a meeting for conversation.

The afternoon discussion ranged over the problems of Education, Law, Politics, Sex, Trade, Marriage. It exhibited every kind of ability, and also illustrated the principle of individuality to the rare extent of in no wise exciting a dispute or a sharp word. Except that all were unorthodox, each had an opinion of his or her own; this being so frankly expressed that behind each opened a vista of strange experiences.

Josiah Warren showed me through his printing office and other institutions of the place. He also gave me one of the little notes used as currency among them. It has at one end an oval engraving of Commerce, with a barrel and a box beside her, and a ship near by; at the other end a device of Atlas supporting the sphere; beneath this a watch, and between these words "Time is Wealth." In the center is a figure of Justice, with scales and sword, also a sister-genius with spear and wreath whose name I do not know, between these being a shield inscribed "Labor for Labor." Above these the following: "Not transferable"; "Limit of issue of 200 hours"; "The most disagreeable labor is entitled to the highest compensation"; "Due to ——— Five Hours in Professional Services, or 80 pounds of corn." Then follows a written signature and the engraved word "Physician."

Late in the evening a little company gathered in the porch of the house in which I was staying, where there was informal conversation, and now and then a song. Out there in the moonlight went on an exchange of confidences, however abstract the phrases; beyond the soft tones I could hear the shriek of tempests that wreck lives. Not from happy homes had gathered these Thelemites with their motto *Fay ce que voudras.*

Some years later when the plague of war was filling the land I thought of their retreat as not so much a Thélème as a garden like that outside Florence where Boccaccio pictures his ladies and gentlemen beguiling each other with beautiful tales while the plague was raging in the city. Modern Times had not been founded with reference to war. Those gentle people had suffered enough of life's struggle and desired only to be left in peace. But where could peace be found? I never visited Modern Times again, but heard that, soon after the war broke out, most of those I had seen there sailed from Montauk Point on a small ship and fixed their tents on some peaceful shore in South America.

War and Its Costs.

[Charles Erskine Scott Wood, in "The Pacific Monthly."]

Which is a greater preventive of war—preparedness or unpreparedness? In frontier days it was known that nothing made a man so quarrelsome as a "gun" in his pocket. Personally, I have no more use for war among nations than for each fellow to settle his own quarrel by force of arms with his neighbor, as they used to do in the good old days of knighthood. Not only are you told that the courts then could not settle quarrels between barons, but even the courts settled questions by the foolish trial by battle. But personal quarrels are no longer settled so.

I read that the countrymen of that czar who proposed the peace tribunal are braining and disemboweling the countrymen of the mikado, and the countrymen of the mikado are found dead with their teeth in the throats of the Russians; that women are weeping and men groaning by the hundreds of thousands, and I'll venture to say that not one of the Russian soldiery knows any better reason why he should disembowel a Japanese artisan than the bulldog knows why he should fight in the pit for his master; and the same with the Japanese artisan soldier.

Whose fight is it, anyway? What is it for? And what is the good? At the end of all the slaughter and waste, it will be settled by a treaty in which all Europe will take a hand. And the United States, too: for are we not a great big boy now? And is not Senator Lodge greater than Washington?

Keep out of European politics? Nonsense, George! We are a world-power! Senator Lodge is a statesman. We have governors, too, and we, too, run out and get killed whenever they tell us. We are flea bitten with statesmen. See Chauncey Depew. He is a statesman, too. And we build great big battleships, every one costing more than a college, and sometimes they hit a rock, and some day they go up in smoke. Who builds them? Well, the statesmen order them, and the people pay for them.

Faugh! I've smelt corpses rotting myself, and I know he is a fool who gets killed save for a principle he knows and approves. Wars are not prevented or victories won by battleships, but by the moral power and the wealth of a nation. The battle is not to the strong in battleships, but to the strong in resources. We are bitten by a killing bug. We are full of strenuousness. Our soldiers wear caps like those of the Germans. We are a military world power and the people pay the bills. *"Hoch der Kaiser!"*

A New View of Whitman.

In the London "Daily News" G. K. Chesterton has presented a view of Whitman and his work that deviates somewhat from the ordinary rut of criticism, and for this reason it is reprinted in these columns. Of course, no great faculty of discernment is necessary to observe the absurdities of some of this critic's statements, but the latter nevertheless offer to some of the more *dilettante* and weak-kneed Whitmanites an explanation which they may be excused for grasping avidly. In spite of what Mr. Chesterton says, however, Whitman's poetic form needs no more an apology than "regular" verse needs to be bolstered up by the contention that "the whole world talks poetry"—figuratively speaking or otherwise.

The cynics (pretty little lambs) tell us that experience and the advance of years teaches us the hollowness and artificiality of things. In our youth, they say, we imagine ourselves among roses, but when we pluck them they are red paper. Now, I believe everybody alive knows that the reverse of this is the truth. We grow conservative as we grow old, it is true. But we do not grow conservative because we have found so many new things spurious. We grow conservative because we have found so many old things genuine. We begin by thinking all conventions, all traditions, false and meaningless. Then one convention after another, one tradition after another, begins to explain itself, begins to beat with life under our hand. We thought these things were simply stuck on to human life; we find that they are rooted. We thought it was only a tiresome regulation that we should take off our hats to a lady: we find it is the pulse of chivalry and the splendor of the west. We thought it was artificial to dress for dinner. We realize that the festive idea, the idea of the wedding garment, is more natural than nature itself. As I say, the precise opposite of the cynical statement is the truth. Our ardent boyhood believes things to be dead: our graver manhood discovers them to be alive. We waken in our infancy and believe ourselves surrounded by red paper. We pluck at it and find that it is roses.

A good instance may be found in the case of a great man who has been the sole spiritual support of me and many others, and who will remain one of our principal spiritual supports. Walt Whitman is, I suppose, beyond question the ablest man America has yet produced. He also happens to be, incidentally, the greatest man of the nineteenth century. Ibsen is all very well, and Zola is all very well, and Maeterlinck is all very well; but we have begun already to get to the end of them. And we have not yet begun to get to the beginning of Whitman. The egoism of which men accuse him is that sense of human divinity which no one has felt since Christ. The boldness of which men accuse him is simply that splendidly casual utterance which no sage has used since Christ. But all the same, this gradual and glowing conservatism which grows upon us as we live leads us to feel that in just those points in which he violated the chief conventions of poetry, in just those points he was wrong. He was mistaken in abandoning metre in poetry; not because in forsaking it he was forsaking anything ornamental or anything civilized, as he himself thought. In forsaking metre he was forsaking something quite wild and barbarous, something as instinctive as anger and as necessary as meat. He forgot that all real things move in a rhythm, that the heart beats in harmony, that the seas rise and ebb in harmony. He forgot that any child who shouts falls into some sort of repetition and assonance, that the wildest dancing is at the bottom monotonous. The whole of nature moves in a recurrent music; it is only with a considerable effort of civilization that we can contrive to be other than musical. The whole world talks poetry; it is only we who, with elaborate ingenuity, manage to talk prose.

The same that is true of Whitman's violation of metre is true, though in a minor degree, of his violation of what is the commonly called modesty. Decorum itself is of little social value; sometimes it is a sign of social decay. Decorum is the morality of immoral societies. The people who care most about modesty are often those who care least about chastity; no better examples could be given than oriental courts or the west end drawing rooms. But, all the same, Whitman was wrong. He was wrong because he had at the back of his mind the notion that modesty or decency was in itself an artificial thing. This is quite a mistake. The roots of modesty, like the roots of mercy or of any other traditional virtue, are to be found in all fierce and primitive things; while shyness, a fugitive self-possession, belongs to all simple creatures. It belongs to children; it belongs to savages; it belongs even to animals. To conceal something is the first of nature's lesson; it is far less elaborate than to explain everything. And if women are, as they certainly are, much more dignified and much more modest than men, if they are more reticent, and, in the excellent current phrase, "keep themselves to themselves" much more, the reason is very simple; it is because women are much more fierce and much more savage than men. To be thoroughly immodest is an exceedingly elaborate affair. To have complete self-revelation one must have complete self-consciousness. Thus it is that, while from the beginning of the world men have had the most exquisite philosophies and social arrangements, nobody ever thought of complete indecency, indecency on principle, until we reached a high and complex state of civilization. To conceal some things came to us like eating bread. To talk about everything never appeared until the age of the motor-car.

A Charity Victim Gets Back.

[London Saturday Review.]

A very curious case in which a female patient of Dr. May Thorne sued her for damages for negligence in performing an abdominal operation resulted on Monday in a verdict for the plaintiff and the award of twenty-five pounds damages. A sponge had been left in the patient's body and a second operation had to be performed to recover it. There has been quite a crop of such pleasant stories lately; and, however much we may admire doctors and the hospitals, we are not sorry that the facts have been elicited and responsibility fixed on the surgeon. The point was raised neatly, for no animadversion was made on Dr. Thorne's skill. If she failed to notice that a sponge still remained in the body, that may happen to any surgeon, as sponge and tissues often become indis-

tinguishable. But sponges can be counted and the instruments used noted, so that, if anything is missing, it ought to be detected; there should be no trusting merely to memory. Operators leave these matters to the nurses; and it is easy to see how mistakes can be made. This case places the responsibility on the doctor, and it may be hoped that it will lead to a more exact system of detecting missing articles that have been used in operations. The jury appear to have wished not to give damages because Dr. Thorne received no fee; but it is precisely in this class of cases that the public are suspicious, and this is a matter of concern for the management of hospitals which depend on public support.

Blind Providence.

[L'Aurore.]

We know of what a terrible catastrophe the town of Mamers has been the victim. The bishop of Mans has on this occasion addressed to the high priest of the unfortunate city a letter in which is found the following passage: "Such misfortunes multiply and threaten, alas! in a manner disquieting for France. Doubtless they are the warnings of Providence to a society which insists upon drawing away from God, the true and only master of its destinies."

This God, who strikes blind and carries off the innocent inhabitants of Mamers, when he might exercise his vindictiveness upon M. Combes and on the leaders of the republican party, has a singular conception of distributive justice. But Father Coubé had already sung us that anthem *à propos* of the Charity Bazaar fire. He certainly does not do right to count himself among the friends of this God, who, when he wishes to punish the crimes of the Free Masons, lays his hand on the Catholics.

The Lazy Bourgeoisie.

[Georges Clemenceau.]

The principle of our middle-class is to escape the risks of the initiative by sheltering themselves behind a government official's wicket, where all things are dispensed from justice to tobacco,* according to the customer. Thus we have two or three times as many public officials as we need. We pay them poorly, but they are satisfied, since they are delivered by us from the weariness of the struggle for existence,—from the dangers of a fruitful activity.

Emerson on Government.

He (each man) must sit solidly at home, and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of view from which history is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and, if England or Egypt have anything to say to him, he will try the case; if not, let them forever be silent.

A Reversal of the Natural Order.

[Henry Maret.]

All that is not formally prohibited should be permitted, for prohibition is a restriction of natural liberty, the latter existing before the former. But with us all is prohibited in principle, and liberty is only a restriction of the fundamental prohibition which is the basis of our civilization.

And the Nicer the Nastier.

[New York Sun.]

Those who were shocked when Mme. Schumann-Heink appeared at the auditorium in Ocean Grove in evening dress must be nice people. And nice people are those who have very nasty minds.

To Boston Anarchists.

I want to form a class to expound the principles of Anarchism, with a view to equip propagators. The class will meet for inquiry and study, not for discussion. Meetings for dissemination of Anarchism, with general discussion, will be held, as usual, during the winter months. Boston Anarchists who are interested in this class will please communicate at once with me and I will call a preliminary meeting as soon as enough names are received. V. H. SIMPSON.

18 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

* In France, the manufacture and sale of tobacco are a government monopoly, as is the telegraph and telephone service.—EDITOR.

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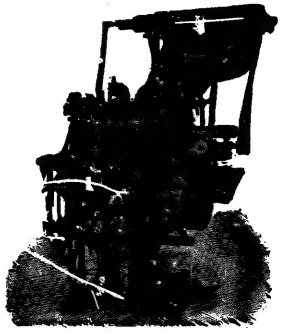

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